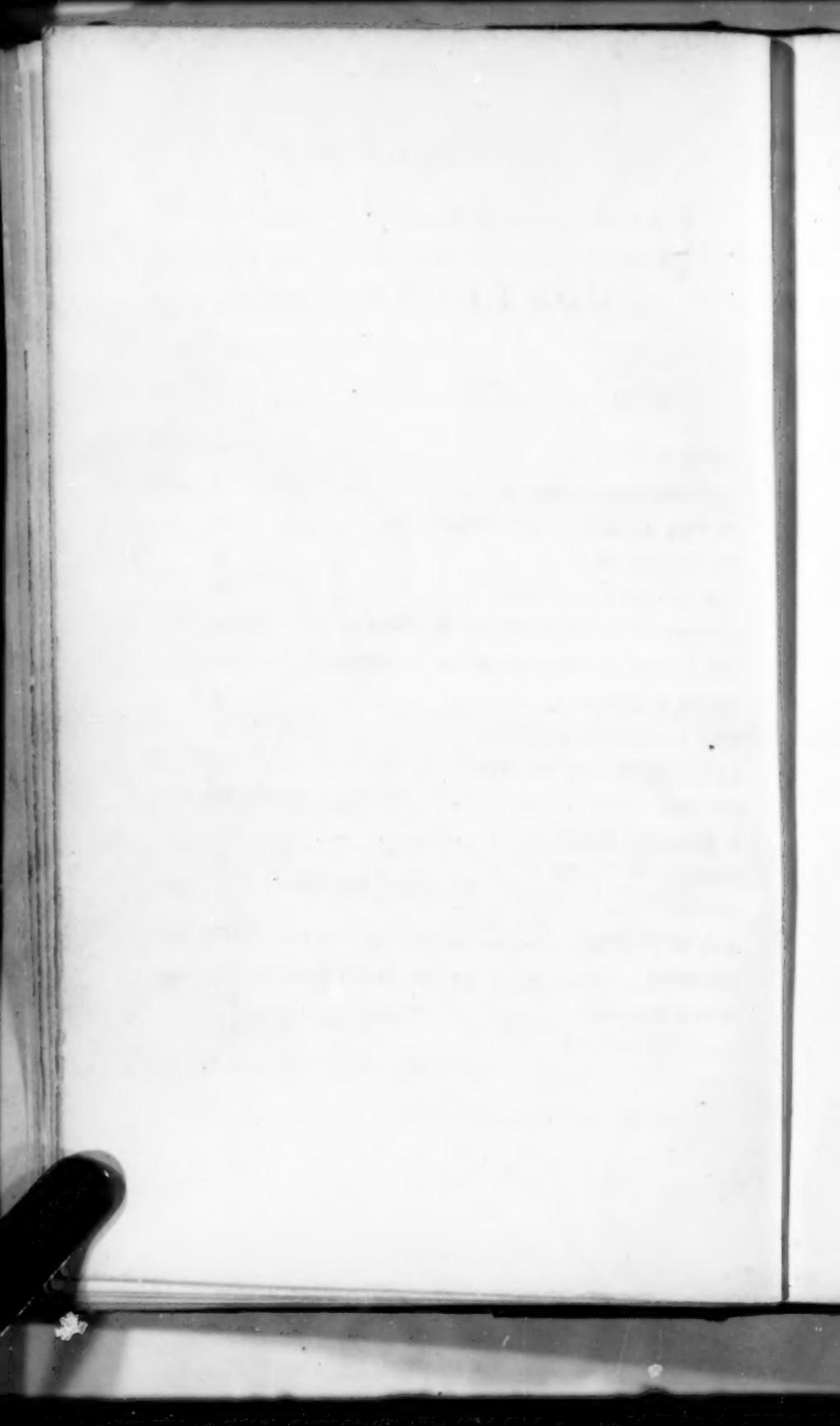


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THE LIBERTY BELL.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BY B. GODWIN.

THERE are few things more remarkable in the present aspect of the world than the existence of two such nations as England and America. Separated by the great Atlantic, which for some thousands of miles rolls its waves between them, they claim the same origin, speak the same language, have the same literature, down to a recent period, the same

historical recollections, and generally the same habits. And yet with much that is similar there are many striking points of diversity. England has the strength of maturity, America the vigor of youth. One is decidedly monarchical, the other as firmly republican. In the old country there is a caution, we may say, a dread of change; the new country, by one mighty effort, started into a position which astonished the world, and made one of the most splendid experiments which the annals of the human race record. England, very confined in her own insular domains, throws out her colonies over every part of the globe; America, with a continental amplitude, which ages of multiplying population will not fill, neither has, nor needs, any distant possessions. England has, perhaps, reached the maximum of her greatness; America has before her prospects indefinitely great of enlargement and prosperity.

America and England must ever exercise a

reciprocal influence on each other. By their constant and increasing intercourse, their mutual commercial dependence, and the exchange of their literature, there is unavoidably a reciprocal action, which, notwithstanding occasional collisions of interests and opinions, must prove beneficial to both.

But, perhaps the most important view, which we can take of these two countries, is the influence which they now exert, and which, to a still greater degree, they are apparently destined to exert, on the condition of the whole globe: There are three things which give power to this influence. First, the extent of their connexion and intercourse with other nations. This spreads over a large part of the world. The sea is covered with their ships, their flags are flying in almost every port, they have dealings with men of all colors, and all climes. Secondly, the character of both nations is eminently influential. They are not either of them a timid, re-

served, and quiescent people; they tell what they know, they speak what they think, and they ask for all that others know and think. They do not shrink from collisions of opinion, nor dread contradiction, nor fear discussion; they do not hesitate to apply the flint to the steel if but a spark may be elicited. They are essentially active and enterprising, and must ever be doing something both at home and abroad. Difficulties do not discourage them, dangers only produce enthusiasm, and the greater the magnitude of any enterprise the more determined is the attempt to accomplish it. In addition to these, there is a third consideration to be taken into the account. These two countries largely possess all those elements of national happiness, the communication of which is highly adapted to benefit the world. Here knowledge, civilization, religion, exist to a greater extent, and with more diffusive power than in any other nation. In some few branches

of speculative knowledge, and in artificial refinements, they may perhaps be surpassed ; and they may not vie with some nations in the pompous splendor of religious rites ; but in all practical knowledge, in the application of the arts to the great purposes of life, in the science of government, in civil institutions, and especially in enlightened, vital, influential piety, they pre-eminently excel. Amidst all the noise and strife of political parties, they are working out for the benefit of mankind two great problems ; — how far popular liberty can be preserved with the distinction of ranks, and an hereditary monarchy,— and to what extent the authority of law can be maintained, and order and general safety secured, in a pure democracy. And notwithstanding the activity of vice and a large amount of crime in both nations, benevolence the most disinterested, and charity the most expansive, associated with the fervor of enlightened piety, are ever creating and working mul-

tiplied institutions which bear on the temporal and spiritual well-being of their fellow-creatures, and which regard not only their own countrymen, but the world at large.

Placed then on so commanding a position, possessing such resources, distinguished by such a character, and comprising to such an extent all the elements of social happiness, who can contemplate the existence of two such nations at this period of the world, without considering them as special instruments in the hand of Divine Providence, designed to benefit and bless the human race.

But in order to give full efficiency to their salutary influence, in order to qualify them to discharge their high functions as benefactors of mankind, how important it is that those defects and abuses, which exist in each nation respectively should be removed, that their light may shine out with clearness, and the benefit of their example have nothing to weaken its force.

How desirable it is, that those inconsistencies should cease, behind which despotism and infidelity shelter themselves, and which the enemies of truth and freedom employ as their strongest weapons both of attack and defence.

In England much has been done towards this object during the last fifty years especially. Knowledge has been widely diffused, education has been greatly extended, the boundaries of civil and religious liberty have been widened, and a spirit of enlarged philanthropy, embracing a world's happiness, has been called into exercise. Her statutes are no longer disgraced by the Test and Corporation Acts ; the Roman Catholic has been recognised as a citizen ; the augean stable of borough-mongering iniquity has been cleansed ; twenty years of hard and unremitting labor effected the abolition of the slave-trade, and after an armed truce of some time, a most arduous struggle of ten years more freed England from the crime and the disgrace

of Negro slavery. During the last half century some important truths have been gaining ground and gradually establishing themselves in public opinion. Among these may be reckoned the following ; that coercion in religion is as unwise and unjust as it is unscriptural ; — that the only legitimate object of all government is the benefit of the community ; — that “for the soul to be without knowledge is not good ;” — that the free interchange, among different nations, of the products of their soil and industry, is beneficial to all ; — that human life is sacred, and capital punishments the worst expedients for the prevention of crime ; — that war is madness ; — and that slavery is sin. These are great principles, with the full recognition and practical operation of which the happiness of the world is intimately connected. But even in England, all these are not equally or generally understood, much less brought into action ; much, very much remains to be done, by the

lovers of justice, the friends of humanity, and the followers of the Saviour, before this great nation shall be free from the reproach of inconsistency, and be qualified for her apostolic functions, as the messenger of mercy to the human race.

During the same period America has been proceeding with unparalleled rapidity in her career of prosperity, and her march of general benevolence. Her efforts to spread the benefits of education, and the blessings of religion have been prodigious. The immense sums raised and expended to meet the wants of her multiplying population, and to send the knowledge of divine truth abroad, have justly excited the admiration of all who are acquainted with the facts.

But there is one enormous delinquency, one great national disgrace, which mars her beauty and paralyzes her moral influence. **AMERICA IS THE LAND OF SLAVES!!** The very

soil on which her Capitol stands is moistened with the tears and the blood of the slave. The wailings of the broken-hearted captive, the shrieks of the bereaved slave-mother, the clank of the chain, the sounding of the lash, mingled with the curses of the slave-dealer, resound without the walls of that very senate-house, which within is ringing with the loud panegyric of universal freedom. The world stands aghast to hear that every sixth man, woman, and child, in the United States is a slave ! that a thriving trade in human flesh and blood is carried on, that fortunes are realized by breeding slaves, and livings obtained by their prostitution ! — and this in America, the enlightened, the free, the brave, who crushes beneath her feet in hopeless and bitter bondage, three millions of human beings !

America cannot possibly appreciate the effects of this enormous inconsistency on the freedom and happiness of the world in general. If the

expressions “ American liberty ” are pronounced in the ears of a despot, with a sardonic grin he replies, “ American *slavery!* ” The enemies of America always select this as a means of depreciating both her and her institutions. There is, say they, more despotism in this boasted land of freedom, than in the most despotic government in Europe ; the only difference is this, in the arbitrary governments of the old world that portion of liberty which is enjoyed is more equally diffused ; in America some have all and others none. If we point to the Western world, to the great experiment of a people’s competency to govern themselves, they tell us it has failed eminently in the production of general happiness, and affirm, that in the worst governed state of the old world, the average amount of happiness is greater than where so large a proportion of the population are slaves. If we venture to speak of that manly spirit, and the noble independence which the freedom of a

republic generates, we are told that is only a selfish and haughty pride, which while glorying in its own liberty, can ruthlessly trample under foot the rights of those who are weak enough, and unfortunate enough to fall within their power.

When the friends of America speak of the active piety which prevails, and the vitality and power with which Christianity operates in the United States, we are again reminded of slave-breeding professors, and slave-holding ministers, and elders, deacons, and class leaders, who are equally expert at flogging and praying ; we are told that all, or nearly all the religious denominations, who patronize home and foreign missions, and bible societies, are tainted with the crime of buying and selling their fellow creatures, or retaining in bondage those who have been thus cruelly deprived of their rights ; — a crime from which the most flagitious among us would start, and to be charged with which the

infidel would deem it a deep disgrace. When the generous liberality with which America supports every benevolent institution is mentioned, it is again retorted on us, yes, even the treasury of the Lord is defiled with the price of blood. O America, of all nations of the earth beyond our sea-girt isle, the best beloved, and the dearest to English hearts, how deeply do we mourn the dishonor which slavery entails on thee ; how bitter is our mortification when thy inconsistencies shut those mouths which would proclaim thy varied excellencies, and how incessant are our regrets, that the liberty which is thy boast, and the piety which is thy honor, should not only be neutralized in their influence, but that the curse and contamination of slavery should even bring on sacred liberty and Christian piety a foul reproach !

There is, however, hope that this plague spot will disappear. No American of noble mind and human feelings can approve the system.

In the solitude of retirement, and the silence of night, there is a small still voice which must be heard in condemnation of it. Long habit and the strength of prejudice may struggle hard, but truth, and justice, and humanity must finally prevail. Let then the friends of equal liberty to all, let those high-principled republicans, who wish fully to carry out the noble and the incontrovertible principle on which their own independence is based, pour the light of day on these enormities and inconsistencies, which are emphatically "the works of darkness." Let them with all the ardor of zeal, and mildness of charity, and steadiness of principle, address themselves to the great work to which they are called by the voice of suffering humanity, by the voice of honor and justice, by the voice of the world, by the voice of God. Let them bring to bear on this monstrous evil all the combined strength of public opinion, and individual effort, and fervent prayer, and success must finally crown their labors.

Many are the agencies which are at work in both countries, producing, in various ways, beneficial results. The scholar, the philosopher, the manufacturer, the merchant, the jurist, the statesman, all in their several vocations may contribute to their country's welfare and to the general benefit of man ; but no labors are more highly beneficial, or more truly patriotic, than those which tend to promote the interests of truth and virtue, and to free a beloved country from the stain of injustice and the charge of oppression. In this great and glorious work, then, let friends of God and man on both sides the Atlantic cordially unite and zealously persevere. There is much in the past to encourage them, and everything in the future to cheer them. The time is coming when " nation shall not lift up the sword against nation," when " they shall learn the art of war no more ; " when the weak, the innocent, and the unsuspecting shall no more fear the power of oppression or the wiles of

treachery ; when, “ the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid ; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed ; their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice’ den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain ; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.” And in bringing about this glorious consummation, will not England, with her possessions in every part of the globe, and America, stretching out to the shores of the Pacific, bear a prominent part. O, I think I see in the future, and my heart warms while the vision brightens on me, the kindred nations, having thrown off every incubus that presses on them, purified from all that

corrupts and degrades them, by their united efforts, and by the medium of their common language, spreading the illuminations of truth over every part of the globe, and communicating to a grateful world all the literature and the science, all the freedom and the piety, all the happiness and prosperity of England and America.

Oxford, (England,) July 2, 1840.

TO THE AMERICAN ABOLITIONISTS.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

We pleaded in the negro's cause,
Fought for his liberties and laws,
While million voices sung applause,

The many 'gainst the few :
Yours is a harder task, to lead
Few against many ; but the meed
Of nobler strife and bolder deed
Shall honor you.

Our fathers and *your* fathers bore
The spirit-stirring strife of yore,
Our shores flung on your welcoming shore,

The patriot-pilgrims' sail :—
And ye are worthy of the name,
And the bright ancestry ye claim ;
The same the sires — the sons the same —
Hail ! brothers ! hail !

Westminster, (England,) June 16, 1840.

THE BLACK SAXONS.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Thou 'lt guard thy country's freedom
To despotize in all the patriot's pomp ;
While conscience, mid the mob's applauding clamors,
Sleeps in thine ear, nor whispers blood-stained tyrant.

Coleridge.

MR. DUNCAN was sitting alone in his elegantly furnished parlor, in the vicinity of Charleston, South Carolina. Before him lay an open volume of the History of the Norman Conquest. From the natural kindness of his character, and democratic theories, deeply imbibed in childhood, his thoughts dwelt more with a nation prostrated and kept in base subjection by the strong arm of violence, than with the renowned

robbers, who seized their rich possessions, and haughtily trampled on their dearest rights.

“ And so that bold and beautiful race became slaves ! ” thought he. “ The brave and free-souled Harolds, strong of heart and strong of arm ; the fair-haired Ediths, in their queenly beauty, noble in soul as well as ancestry ; these all sank to the condition of slaves ; — and tamely submitted to their lot, till their free, bright beauty passed under the heavy cloud of animal dulness, and the contemptuous Norman epithet of ‘ base Saxon churls ’ was but too significantly true. Yet not without efforts did they thus sink ; how often renewed, or how bravely sustained, we know not ; for Troubadours rarely sing of the defeated, and conquerors write their own History. That they did not relinquish freedom without a struggle, is proved by Robin Hood and his bold followers, floating in dim and shadowy glory on the outskirts of history ; brave outlaws of the free forest, and the wild moun-

tain-passes, taking back, in the very teeth of danger, a precarious subsistence from the rich possessions that were once their own ; and therefore styled thieves by the robbers who had beggared them. And doubtless they had minstrels of their own ; unknown in princely halls, untrumpeted by fame, yet singing of their exploits in spirit-stirring tones, to hearts burning with a sense of wrong. Troubled must be the sleep of those who rule a conquered nation ! ”

These thoughts were passing through his mind, when a dark mulatto opened the door, and making a servile reverence, said, in wheedling tones, “ Would massa be so good as gib a pass to go to Methodist meeting ? ”

Mr. Duncan was a proverbially indulgent master ; and he at once replied, “ Yes, Jack, you may have a pass ; but you must mind and not stay out all night.”

“ Oh, no, massa. Tom neber preach more than two hours.”

Scarcely was the pass written, before another appeared with a similar request; and presently another; and yet another. When these interruptions ceased, Mr. Duncan resumed his book, and quietly read of the oppressed Saxons, until the wish for a glass of water induced him to ring the bell. No servant obeyed the summons. With an impatient jerk of the rope, he rang a second time, muttering to himself, "What a curse it is to be waited upon by slaves! If I were dying, the lazy loons would take their own time, and come dragging their heavy heels after them, an hour after I was in the world of spirits. My neighbors tell me it is because I never flog them. I believe they are in the right. It is a hard case, too, to force a man to be a tyrant, whether he will or no."

A third time he rang the bell more loudly ; but waited in vain for the sound of coming footsteps. Then it occurred to him that he had given every one of his slaves a pass to go to the Methodist

meeting. This was instantly followed by the remembrance, that the same thing had occurred a few days before.

We were then at war with Great Britain ; and though Mr. Duncan, in conversation with New England relatives and friends, often boasted the attachment of his slaves, and declared them to be the most contented and happy laborers in the world, yet, by some strange coincidence of thought, the frequency of Methodist meetings suddenly suggested the common report, that British troops were near the coast, and about to land in Charleston. As suddenly came the remembrance of Big-boned Dick, who many months before had absconded from a neighboring planter, and was suspected of holding a rendezvous for runaways in the swampy depths of some dark forest. The existence of such a gang was indicated by the rapid disappearance of young corn, sweet potatoes, fat hogs, &c., from the plantations for many miles round.

"The black rascal!" exclaimed he: "If my boys *are* in league with him!" —

The coming threat was arrested by a voice within, which, like a strain of music from some invisible choir, all at once struck up the lively ballad of Robin Hood; and thus brought Big-boned Dick, like Banquo's Ghost, unbidden and unwelcome, into incongruous association with his spontaneous sympathy for Saxon serfs, his contempt of "base Saxon churls," who tamely submitted to their fate, and his admiration of the bold outlaws, who lived by plunder in the wild freedom of Saxon forests.

His republican sympathies, and the "system entailed upon him by his ancestors," were obviously out of joint with each other; and the skilfullest soldering of casuistry could by no means make them adhere together. Clear as the tones of a cathedral bell above the hacks and drays of a city, the voice of Reason rose above all the pretexts of selfishness, and the

apologies of sophistry, and loudly proclaimed that his sympathies were right, and his practice wrong. Had there been at his elbow some honest John Woolman, or fearless Elias Hicks, that hour might perhaps have seen *him* a freeman, in giving freedom to his serfs. But he was alone ; and the prejudices of education, and the habits of his whole life, conjured up a fearful array of lions in his path ; and he wist not that they were phantoms. The admonitions of awakened conscience gradually gave place to considerations of personal safety, and plans for ascertaining the real extent of his danger.

The next morning he asked his slaves, with assumed nonchalance, whether they had a good meeting.

“ Oh, yes, massa ; bery good meeting.”

“ Where did you meet ? ”

“ In the woods behind Birch Grove, massa.”

The newspaper was brought, and found to contain a renewal of the report that British

troops were prowling about the coast. Mr. Duncan slowly paced the room for some time, apparently studying the figures of the carpet, yet utterly unconscious whether he trod on canvas or the greensward. At length he ordered his horse and drove to the next plantation. Seeing a gang at work in the fields, he stopped, and after some questions concerning the crop, said to one of the most intelligent, "So you had a fine meeting last night?"

"Oh, yes, massa, bery nice meeting."

"Where was it?"

The slave pointed far east of Birch Grove. The white man's eye followed the direction of his finger, and a deeper cloud gathered on his brow. Without comment, he rode on in another direction, and with apparent indifference made similar inquiries of another gang of laborers. They pointed north of Birch Grove, and replied, "In the Hugonot woods, massa."

With increasing disquietude, he slowly turned

his horse toward the city. He endeavored to conceal anxiety under a cheerful brow; for he was afraid to ask counsel, even of his most familiar friends, in a community so prone to be blinded by insane fury under the excitement of such suspicions. Having purchased a complete suit of negro clothes, and a black mask well fitted to his face, he returned home, and awaited the next request for passes to a Methodist meeting.

In a few days, the sable faces again appeared before him, one after another, asking permission to hear Tom preach. The passes were promptly given, accompanied by the cool observation, "It seems to me, boys, that you are all growing wonderfully religious of late."

To which they eagerly replied, "Ah, if massa could hear Tom preach, it make his hair stand up. Tom make ebery body tink weder he hab a soul."

When the last one had departed, the master

hastily assumed his disguise, and hurried after them. Keeping them within sight, he followed over field and meadow, through woods and swamps. As he went on, the number of dark figures, all tending toward the same point, continually increased. Now and then, some one spoke to him ; but he answered briefly, and with an effort to disguise his voice. At last, they arrived at one of those swamp islands, so common at the South, insulated by a broad, deep belt of water, and effectually screened from the main-land by a luxuriant growth of forest trees, matted together by a rich entanglement of vines and underwood. A large tree had been felled for a bridge ; and over this dusky forms were swarming, like ants into their new made nest.

Mr. Duncan had a large share of that animal instinct called physical courage; but his heart throbbed almost audibly, as he followed that dark multitude.

At the end of a rough and intricate passage, there opened before him a scene of picturesque and imposing grandeur. A level space, like a vast saloon, was enclosed by majestic trees, uniting their boughs over it, in richly fantastic resemblance to some Gothic cathedral. From the points of the arches hung wild vines in luxuriant profusion, some in heavy festoons, others lightly and gracefully leaping upward. The blaze of pine torches threw some into bold relief, and cast others into a shadowy background. And here, in this lone sanctuary of Nature's primeval majesty, were assembled many hundreds of swart figures, some seated in thoughtful attitudes, others scattered in moving groups eagerly talking together. As they glanced about, now sinking into dense shadow, and now emerging into the red light, they seemed to his excited imagination like demons from the pit come to claim guilty souls. He had, however, sufficient presence of mind to ob-

serve that each one, as he entered, prostrated himself till his forehead touched the ground, and rising placed his finger on his mouth. Imitating this signal, he passed in with the throng, and seated himself behind the glare of the torches. For some time he could make out no connected meaning amid the confused buzz of voices, and half-suppressed snatches of songs. But, at last, a tall man mounted the stump of a decayed tree, nearly in the centre of the area, and requested silence.

"When we had our last meeting," said he, "I suppose most all of you know, that we all concluded it was best for to join the British, if so be we could get a good chance. But we didn't all agree about our masters. Some thought we should never be able to keep our freedom, without we killed our masters in the first place ; others didn't like the thoughts of that ; so we agreed to have another meeting to talk about it. And now, boys, if the British

land here in Caroliny, what shall we do with our masters?"

He stepped down, and a tall, sinewy mulatto stepped into his place, exclaiming, with fierce gestures, "Ravish wives and daughters before their eyes, as they have done to *us*. Hunt them with hounds, as they have hunted *us*. Shoot them down with rifles, as they have shot *us*. Throw their carcasses to the crows, they have fattened on *our* bones; and then let the Devil take them where they never rake up fire o' nights. Who talks of mercy to our masters?"

"I do," said an aged black man, who rose up before the fiery youth, tottering as he leaned both hands on an oaken staff. "I do;—because the blessed Jesus always talked of mercy. I know we have been fed like hogs, and shot at like wild beasts. Myself found the body of my likeliest boy under the tree where buckra rifles reached him. But thanks to the blessed Jesus, I feel it in my poor old heart to forgive them.

I have been member of a Methodist church these thirty years ; and I've heard many preachers, white and black ; and they all tell me Jesus said, Do good to them that do evil to you, and pray for them that spite you. Now I say, let us love our enemies ; let us pray for them ; and when our masters flog us, and sell our pickaninnies, let us break out singing :

“ You may beat upon my body,
But you cannot harm my soul ;
I shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

“ You may sell my children to Georgy,
But you cannot harm their soul ;
They will join the forty thousand by and bye.

“ Come, slave-trader, come in too ;
The Lord 's got a pardon here for you ;
You shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

" Come, poor nigger, come in too ;
The Lord 's got a pardon here for you ;
You shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

" My skin is black, but my soul is white ;
And when we get to Heaven, we 'll all be alike ;
We shall join the forty thousand by and bye.

That 's the way to glorify the Lord."

Scarcely had the cracked voice ceased the tremulous chant in which these words were uttered, when a loud altercation commenced ; some crying out vehemently for the blood of the white men, others maintaining that the old man's doctrine was right. The aged black remained leaning on his staff, and mildly replied to every outburst of fury, " But Jesus said, do good for evil." Loud rose the din of excited voices ; and the disguised slaveholder shrank deeper into the shadow.

In the midst of the confusion, an athletic, gracefully-proportioned young man sprang upon

the stump, and throwing off his coarse cotton garment, slowly turned round and round before the assembled multitude. Immediately all was hushed ; for the light of a dozen torches, eagerly held up by fierce, revengeful comrades, showed his back and shoulders deeply gashed by the whip, and still oozing with blood. In the midst of that deep silence, he stopped abruptly, and with stern brevity exclaimed, “ Boys ! shall we not murder our masters ? ”

“ Would you murder all ? ” inquired a timid voice at his right hand. “ They don’t all cruelize their slaves.”

“ There’s Mr. Campbell,” pleaded another ; “ he never had one of his boys flogged in his life. You would n’t murder him, would you ? ”

“ Oh, no, no, no,” shouted many voices ; “ we would n’t murder Mr. Campbell. He’s always good to colored folks.”

“ And I wouldn’t murder my master,” said one of Mr. Duncan’s slaves ; “ and I’d fight

anybody that set out to murder him. I an't a going to work for him for nothing any longer, if I can help it ; but he shan't be murdered ; for he's a good master."

" Call him a good master, if ye like ! " said the bleeding youth, with a bitter sneer in his look and tone. " I curse the word. The white men tell us God made them our masters ; I say it was the Devil. When they don't cut up the backs that bear their burdens, when they throw us enough of the grain we have raised to keep us strong for another harvest, when they forbear to shoot the limbs that toil to make them rich, there are fools who call them good masters. Why should *they* sleep on soft beds, under silken curtains, while *we*, whose labor bought it all, lie on the floor at the threshold, or miserably coiled up in the dirt of our own cabins ? Why should I clothe my master in broad-cloth and fine linen, when he knows, and I know, that he is my own brother ? and I, meanwhile, have only this

coarse rag to cover my aching shoulders?" He kicked the garment scornfully, and added, "Down on your knees, if ye like, and thank them that ye are not flogged and shot. Of *me* they 'll learn another lesson!"

Mr. Duncan recognised in the speaker the reputed son of one of his friends, lately deceased; one of that numerous class, which southern vice is thoughtlessly raising up to be its future scourge and terror.

The high, bold forehead, and flashing eye, indicated an intellect too active and daring for servitude; while his fluent speech and appropriate language betrayed the fact that his highly educated parent, from some remains of instinctive feeling, had kept him near his own person, during his lifetime, and thus formed his conversation on another model than the rude jargon of slaves.

His poor, ignorant listeners stood spell-bound by the magic of superior mind; and at first it

seemed as if he might carry the whole meeting in favor of his views. But the aged man, leaning on his oaken staff, still mildly spoke of the meek and blessed Jesus; and the docility of African temperament responded to his gentle words.

Then rose a man of middle age, short of stature, with a quick, roguish eye, and a spirit of knowing drollery lurking about his mouth. Rubbing his head in uncouth fashion, he began : "I don't know how to speak like Bob; for I never had no chance. He says the Devil made white men our masters. Now dat's a ting I've thought on a heap. Many a time I've axed myself how pon arth it was, that jist as sure as white man and black man come togeder, de white man sure to git he foot on de black man. Sometimes I tink one ting, den I tink anoder ting; and dey all be jumbled up in my head, jest like seed in de cotton, afore he put in the gin. At last, I find it all out. White man al-

ways git he foot on de black man ; no mistake in dat. But how he do it? I'll show you how!"

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he took out a crumpled piece of printed paper, and smoothing it carefully on the palm of his hand, he struck it significantly with his finger, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Dat's de way dey do it! Dey got de knowledge! Now, it'll do no more good to rise agin our masters, dan put de head in de fire and pull him out agin ; and may be you can't pull him out agin. When I was a boy, I hear an old conjuring woman say she could conjure de Devil out of anybody. I ask her why she don't conjure her massa, den ; and she tell me, 'Oh, nigger neber conjure buckra — can't do't.' But I say nigger can conjure buckra. How he do it? Get de knowledge! Dat de way. We make de sleeve wide, and fill full of de tea and de sugar, ebery time we get in missis' closet. If we take half so much pains

to get de knowledge, de white man take he foot off de black man. Maybe de British land, and maybe de British no land ; but you tell you sons to marry de free woman, dat know how to read and write ; and you tell you gals to marry de free man, dat know how to read and write ; and den by'm bye, you be de British yourselves ! You want to know how I manage to get de knowledge ? I tell you. I want right bad to learn to read. My old boss is the most begrudging-fullest massa, and I know he won't let me learn. So, when I see leetle massa with he book, (he bout six year old,) I say to him. What you call dat ? He tell me dat is A. Oh, dat is A ! So I take old newspaper, and I ax missis, may I hab dis to rub my brasses ? She say yes. I put it in my pocket, and by'm by, I look to see I find A ; and I look at him till I know him bery well. Den I ask my young massa, What you call dat ? He say, dat is B. So I find him on my paper, and look at him till I know him

bery well. Den I ask my young massa what C A T spell? He tell me cat. Den, after great long time, I can read de newspaper. And what you tink I find dere? I read British going to land! Den I tell all de boys British going to land. What you *do*, s'pose British land? When I stand behind massa's chair, I hear him talk, and I tell all de boys what he say. Den Bob say must hab Methodist meeting, and tell massa, Tom going to preach in de woods. But what you tink I did toder day? You know Jim, massa Gubernor's boy? Well, I want mighty bad to let Jim know British going to land. But he lib ten mile off, and old boss no let me go. Well, massa Gubernor he come dine my massa's house; and I bring he horse to de gate; and I make my bow, and say massa Gubernor, how Jim do? He tell me Jim bery well. Den I ax him, be Jim good boy? He say yes. Den I tell him Jim and I leetle boy togeder; and I want mighty bad send Jim someting. He tell

me Jim hab enough of ebery ting. Oh, yes, massa Gubernor, I know you bery good massa, and Jim hab ebery ting he want; but when leetle boy togeder, dere is always someting *here*, (laying his hand on his heart). I want to send leetle backy to Jim. I know he hab much backy he want; but Jim and I leetle boy togeder, and I want to send Jim someting. Massa Gubernor say, bery well Jack. So I gib him de backy, done up in de bery bit o' newspaper dat tell British going to land! And massa Gubernor *himself* carry it! And massa Gubernor *himself* carry it!!”

He clapped his hands, kicked up his heels, and turned somersets like a harlequin. These demonstrations were received with loud shouts of merriment; and it was sometime before sufficient order was restored to proceed with the question under discussion.

After various scenes of fiery indignation,

gentle expostulation, and boisterous mirth, it was finally decided, by a considerable majority, that in case the British landed, they would take their freedom without murdering their masters ; not a few, however, went away in wrathful mood, muttering curses deep.

With thankfulness to Heaven, Mr. Duncan again found himself in the open field, alone with the stars. Their glorious beauty seemed to him, that night, clothed in new and awful power. Groups of shrubbery took to themselves startling forms ; and the sound of the wind among the trees was like the unsheathing of swords. Again he recurred to Saxon history, and remembered how he had thought that troubled must be the sleep of those who rule a conquered people. A new significance seemed given to Wat Tyler's address to the insurgent laborers of *his* day ; an emphatic, and most unwelcome application of his indignant ques-

tion, why serfs should toil unpaid in wind and sun, that lords might sleep on down, and embroider their garments with pearl.

"And these Robin Hoods, and Wat Tylers, were my Saxon ancestors," thought he. "Who shall so balance effects and causes, as to decide what portion of my present freedom sprung from their seemingly defeated efforts? Was the place I saw to-night, in such wild and fearful beauty, like the haunts of the *Saxon* Robin Hoods? Was not the spirit that gleamed forth there as brave as theirs? And who shall calculate what even such hopeless endeavors may do for the future freedom of their race?"

These cogitations did not, so far as I ever heard, lead to the emancipation of his bondmen; but they did prevent his revealing a secret, which would have brought hundreds to an immediate and violent death. After a painful conflict between contending feelings and duties, he contented himself with advising the magistrates

to forbid all meetings whatsoever among the colored people, until the war was ended.

He visited Boston several years after, and told the story to a gentleman, who often repeated it in the circle of his friends. In brief outline, it reached my ears. I have told it truly, with some filling up by imagination, some additional garniture of language, and the adoption of fictitious names, because I have forgotten the real ones.

THE TRUMP OF JUBILEE.

Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound, * * * * * And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year and proclaim liberty *throughout all the land* unto all the inhabitants thereof. — Lev. xxv. 9, 10.

HARP of my boyhood ! thou hast rung
To songs of liberty full oft ;
And if in vain thou wert not strung
With feeble hand untaught and young,
Still let thy numbers swell aloft ;
And as again, another song
Shall thrill thy trembling chords along
My unharmonious lyre —
May joyous freedom hover o'er
Thy strings, and as the notes I pour,
Send thee her soul of fire !

And thou, fond Hope, thy presence bring,
And let the willing spirit spring
Exultant on thy buoyant wing,
And upward soar, unchained and free,
Above the dark reality,
That broodeth here below ;
For why should freedom's hymnings swell
Unceasing on her harp to tell
Of freedom's overthrow ?
Why should her bards for ever mourn
The darkness of our moral night,
When cloudless day shall soon return
And Freedom's glorious sunlight burn
Unquenchable and bright ?
Let others pour the song of sadness,
But mine shall be the notes of gladness.

Hark ! in our valleys, on our hills,
O'er caverned rock, and mountain lone,
Through all the quivering air there thrills
A deep and mighty trumpet tone.

More startling than the unearthly sound,
When o'er the sullen thunder-cloud,
Spirit to spirit calls aloud,
Its voice is echoing round.

From where the torrent of the lakes
The wild and hoarse Niagara breaks,
Chainless and strong and free,
O'er river, mountain, plain, and rock,
All downward to the rolling sea,
Rings fiercer than the tempest-shock
The Trump of Jubilee.

It sends no deadly tones afar
To wake the frantic yell of war,
But long and loud it pours abroad
A summons o'er a land of slaves,
To call them from their living graves,
And bring from darker depths of woe,
The panting, fettered soul, into
The freedom of the sons of God.

A slumbering land hath heard the sound,
And starting from her deep repose,

Shakes off the fetters that have bound
Her spirit in its sleep profound ;
As if the angel's Trump of Doom
Had burst the portals of the tomb,
And upward from the starless gloom,
That slumbered o'er their chilly bed,
The cold, and pale, and shrouded dead
Once more to life and light arose.

Up from the eternal shade, that broods
Among the dark Floridian woods,
That lend a covert to the poor,
Despised, and stricken Indian —
A refuge from the evil doer,
Where man may flee the wrath of man,
Whose dim and leafy aisles resound
The baying of the savage hound,
And yell of fiercer men,
And echo to the din of war,
The shot, the groan, the fierce hurrah,
The fearful war-whoop, when for life
Or death, the reeking scalping-knife

Gleams horrid o'er the bloodhound strife —
Mid triumph shout, or rallying word,
 Along the smoking glen,
Loud booming over all is heard
That voice which bids the world be free,
The trumpet tone of Jubilee.

At once the spoiler's hand is staid,
 He pauses in his fell career,
Down falls to earth the dripping blade,
 The tomahawk and spear ;
And where the tide of slaughter ran,
Man meets and owns a friend in man,
For Freedom hath a power to turn
 The tide of carnage in its track,
And where the fires of vengeance burn,
 To bear the hand of ruin back.

Not for the sable brow alone
 Is Liberty her garland twining,
But for the poor and stricken one,
Beneath the weight of outrage done,
 And bitter trials pining ;

Where'er oppression's iron hand
Hath torn the wreath from manhood's
brow,
And to another's stern command
One human soul is made to bow.
Through all the fair and far Southwest,
Rings o'er the hills that trumpet-tone,
Where circled with a blooming zone
Upon her everlasting throne
Doth fair-haired summer rest ;
Where Nature, o'er the sunny land,
Her brightest, loveliest robe hath spread,
And decked it with a cunning hand,
In colors that may never fade,
To rival all the hues of light
That quiver on the sunset sky,
Or folding clouds that skirt the night
And veil the western canopy.
The bondman by the water's side,
Whose burning tears, in secret flowing,
Had rolled unheeded with the tide,

As weary years in toil were going,
Hath caught the thrilling trumpet-sound,
And rises, from his chains unbound,
In limb and spirit free.

Not the bright waters at his feet,
That dancing to the music sweet
Of quivering bough and answering bird,
Or vine-leaf by the current stirred —
Glide ocean-ward to their retreat,
Chainless, and bright, and strong, and fleet,
Are joyous now as he.

Where with the wail of Afric's daughters,
Nightly in mournful hymnings blending,
The murmur of Ocnee's waters
Is o'er the slumbering land ascending.

That trumpet-peal fills all the air,
And startles from her torturing thought
The anguished mother bending there
In stern communion with despair.

As the glad sound her ear hath caught,

O ! to the generous soul 't were worth
The thousand meaner joys of earth,
By wealth and honor dearly bought,
To see that ransomed mother now,
Grief's record blotted from her brow,
And hope rekindled in the soul,
Drink deep of Joy's o'erflowing bowl.
She knows Oppression's night is o'er,
Its shadows past to come no more,
And as she clasps her infant boy
To her full heart, doth deeply feel
What bonds and chains may not reveal,—
The fullness of a mother's joy.
Right onward speeds the thrilling sound,
The Carolinas hear the tone ;
Their towering hills and depths profound
Have lent their tongue to bear it on.
Above Virginia's reeking plains
Redoubled swell the echoing strains,
The trodden-down redeeming ;

And o'er her mountain peaks, that mock
The fury of the lightning shock,
When down the firm and pillared rock
 The hissing bolt is gleaming,
A trumpet-peal rings strong and clear,
That even the very dead might hear —
The buried fathers of the land,
Who drew in wrath the avenging brand,
When o'er the unconquerable West
Oppression reared his purple crest
 In pomp of regal pride.

And as the deepening signal rings,
Victorious Freedom upward springs,
Rejoicing, on her snow-white wings,
 Her tresses floating wide —
While Tyranny with shriek and yell
Reels backward to his home in Hell,
 Born down on sable pinion,
And ransomed thousands join to swell
The shout of joy o'er hill and dell,
 Through Slavery's "Old Dominion."

O'er all the fair and sunny land,
Made barren by Oppression's hand,
Where over every vale and height,
A southern sun is smiling bright,
Though sorrow's saddening moans be rife,
In every perfumed zephyr's breath,
That trumpet-tone awakes to life
Its thousands from their more than death.
And where oppression's temple stood,
O'ershadowing with its horrid wall
The sons of robbery and blood,
Behold the greatness of its fall !
Upon its ruins wild and dark
Pure Freedom plants her spotless banner,
And o'er the crash and tumult, hark !
How rings to heaven that loud hosannah !
For lo ! a million fetters break,
And the galled limbs at once forsake,
And over hill and mountain top
A million shouts of joy go up
From men, who long have drunk the cup

Of bitterness, whom years of woe
And untold wrongs have spoiled and
crushed,
Till meted out and trodden low,
Purple and warm their life-blood gushed.
Before that deepening trumpet-blast
The blood-red scourge to earth is cast,
And beauty in eternal youth
Reigns over all the sunny south,
And o'er our own rock-girdled hills,
Whence leap to life the joyous rills,
That rushing to the sea,
Clap their glad hands, and onward sweep
Their bubbling waters to the deep,
Bright, beautiful and free,
The victor's trump of Freedom rings
The note of perfect liberty !
Up from his bitter bondage springs
The wasted hireling now, and flings
His golden chains away,

And the rejected poor man feels
The heavy weight of galling heels,
Removing from their cruel rest,
Upon his scarred and bleeding breast,
And rising from his fall abject,
He stands in manhood's strength erect,
Blessing the new-born day.

Still up and onward rolls that sound,—
God speed the thrilling voice !
Till to the earth's remotest bound
Shall every soul rejoice.

Lo now, the renovating tone,
Borne by the viewless breezes on,
Whose home no living soul can trace,
Is ringing through the “ hallowed place,”
Where man with heaven-defying pride,
That trembled not to trample on
God's image, even before his throne,
In human temples sanctified,
To service of the *Holy One*,

Hath said to him who came to bow
Before the throne a darker brow,
“ Off, I am holier than thou ! ”
And even there hath dared to reign
O'er man as with an iron rod,
And with an impious hand profane
The holier temple of our God : —
There Freedom waves her spotless plumes,
As thrills her startling trumpet-call
Along the arched and echoing wall,
And as the worshippers adore
A righteous God, their shrines before,
Love warms, and Truth each soul illumes ;
Truth perfect, that hath made them free,
Love, pure as mortal love can be.
Brothers unscorned, with brothers bow
Before the sacred altar now,
No color, sect, or station known,
For in Christ Jesus all are one.

Pleasant Height, Nov. 15, 1840.

LETTER TO A STUDENT OF HISTORY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

MY DEAR C.,

Is it indeed true, that at your age,—the age of romance, as it is called,—you find the notion of an *ELIXIR VITÆ* so absurd as that you have no sympathy with the searchers of the Middle ages,—no patience with the fictions which have grown out of this search? — You would be sorry to be as old, and as far from romantic as I am; yet I own to you, that there is no indication of the mind of past ages which moves me much more than the belief in, and the search for the Elixir Vitæ. There is something to me very touching in the irrepressible hope, the irresistible belief, that time might be withstood, and age conquered by means placed

within the intelligence of man. When, moreover, I see that the essence of life has, from age to age, been found, (though not always, nor oftenest, by express seekers,) I cannot ridicule even men who believed that a liquor, drunk from a cup, could efface wrinkles, turn grey hairs dark again, make the joints supple, the animal spirits vigorous, and the mental faculties bright.

“ Found ! ” you cry. “ The Elixir Vitæ has been found ! and often ! ”

Yes ; found, as I said, from age to age. Not in the laboratory was it found ; not in the drugs of the mine, nor among the herbs of the field ; but close at home,—in the human soul. There alone, as we now know, ought it to have been looked for ; for life alone is the source of life. In every age, to him that had much has more been given. In every age have there been souls that, laden with toils, were not toilworn,—beset with cares, were not careworn. In every age,

while the sluggish were growing languid, anxious, and infirm, there have been some, born on the same day, who, through vigor of soul have borne an unfurrowed brow, bright eyes, an elastic step, a strong and gentle voice,—a thoughtful head, and a gay heart to the last.

“ Where were these discoverers ? ” you ask ; “ and what was their secret ? ”

They were not dreaming before the mirror of preserving their beauty ; nor planning at table to recover their youthful appetite and relish ; nor calculating, as the hours of night slipped by, the years of pleasure they might yet contrive to live. One might be found in a cave of the rock, deep buried in some wilderness, drinking of the stream, eating of roots and herbs, while marking God’s smile in every dawn, reading his will in the alphabet of the stars, and hearing his voice in the sweet melodies of the winds, and the solemn harmonies of the forest.

“ The anchorite ! ” you exclaim. “ I thought

the anchorites were men aged before their time,
— withered and degraded from their manhood,
by following out an unnatural course of life."

This is true enough of the class,—of the many who were devotees through imitation, or through a selfish primary desire for the salvation of their souls. But the original anchorite became so through a living principle of Devotion. The love of God led him into the wilderness, and made it for him blossom as the rose, while his own soul bloomed in the midst, preserved in its everlasting youth by one of the vital principles of the Gospel. I pity those who see only folly in the life of the primitive anchorite. Human error dwarfed and enfeebled it; but assuredly the devotee, by practically grasping a vital principle, opened up to himself one of the sources of life, so that those who might see him waiting for death, might find that his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.

Nowhere, perhaps, were deeper draughts of

the essence of life drunk than in the cell of the primitive nun. I have nothing to say for the conventional nun of later days, shut into a long imprisonment by her own vanity and ignorance, and her parents' cupidity. But for the early devotee,—the original worshipper of the gospel principle of Purity,—if you would conceive of the celestial and immortal youth of her soul, gaze for hours upon the Madonnas of Raffael.

Look next in a very different place,—the crowded amphitheatre, where the aged Christian stands calmly eyeing the tiger about to spring. You are aware how frequent of old was the remark respecting these obstinate heretics,—that though their heads were white as snow, there was bloom on the cheek, fire in the eye, and heart-stirring music in the voice. The spirit was unworn, and the spiritual organs had not grown old. Such martyrs had drunk deep of that pure essence of life,—the Faith of the

Gospel. In such, the mirth of children, and the enterprise of manhood were joined with the serenity of age, constituting a being little indeed lower than the angels.

Other pictures will now rise up before your mind's eye upon mere suggestion. You see the Crusader, war-worn in inferior conflicts, endowed on a sudden with the power of a Hercules, by the principle of Zeal for Christ and the Gospel. You see the primitive Jesuit, uniting almost inexhaustible powers of bodily endurance with gifts of insight,—like the intuition of youth protracted into age, till it becomes almost a power of prophecy; you see him preserving his youthful power of sympathy, so as to unlock all the hearts around him; and you find that those powers are inspired by his devotion to the principle of Union and Comprehensiveness in the Church. You see the kindred power, shown (in both assault and endurance) in the opposite argument, by Luther, struggling for

the principle of Salvation by individual faith and righteousness. The virgin vigor of his life bore the toils and sufferings which would have brought old age upon a score of ordinary men.

"How," you ask, "is this cup of immortal youth to be tasted by ordinary men in quiet times?"

This is, in other words, asking for the secret whereby the frames of these men, like the garments of the wandering Israelites, waxed not old, nor were worn away. This ought to be no secret; and will be none when men shall truly desire life, and lay hold on all that God has given them of it. What is this secret, but the full reception of some one of God's truths? How should it be otherwise when we know that truth is life? What was it but Devotion which inspired the anchorite,—Purity the nun,—Faith the martyr,—Zeal the Crusader,—Loyalty the Jesuit,—Fidelity the Reformer? To these add, in the quiet days of modern times,

the Charity, which carried Howard unharmed through the putrid caverns of the dungeons of Europe, and the spirit of Gospel Liberty, which gives immortal youth to the souls which do and suffer most on behalf of the slave, in all the climates of the globe. Look round, and see if it be not as if a double portion of life were given to those whose life is given to the assertion of the glorious liberty of the children of God. See how, in regions of frost, the slaves of selfishness wither,—how in the lands of the sun they faint, amidst the comforts they have gathered around themselves, and, being dead while they live, tremble over the work of burying their dead ; while they, who have apprehended somewhat of the glad tidings of Freedom, (like the chiefs of every class who have likewise apprehended somewhat of the same Gospel,) glow amidst the frosts of the pole, breathe freely under the glare of the tropics, and bathing fearlessly in the streams of truth,

however stricken and weary, feel their whole man renewed from day to day.

Do you here say that I am speaking of the life of the soul, and not of the body?

I aver that these two are so closely united, that it is rash to cherish either apart from the other. Life consists not in length of days, but in capacity of feeling, thought, and action. Lay open the mind to truth, and you have firm nerves and a sound brain, in comparison with the intellectual sluggard. Feel for the wronged, and you are insensible to the stings of selfish cares and woes. Break the yoke of the bondman, and in the strength of a sound mind in a sound body you shall mount as the eagle.

Your memory suggests as you read this, that godliness has the promise of the life that now is.

Even so. Despise not the notion of searching for the essence of life. Rather than that the notion should be lost, let the search be carried on through the bowels of the earth, and the

tangled depths of the forest, and through the wide regions of physical science. While the spirit of God breathes through his universe, it will not fail to whisper to his wandering children,—“ Not there ! Not there ! Watch within for the chills of death. Keep your heart with all diligence, for thence are the issues of life.”

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

BY HENRIETTA SARGENT.

"Of the five sorts of slaves, who may be legally held in perpetual slavery in India, any or all may be at any time enfranchised, by the sole favor and act of their master, who, in performing the ceremony of manumission, is pronounced a benevolent man. 'Let the Benevolent man, who desires to emancipate his own slave, take a vessel of water from his shoulder,' (the usual way in which water is carried by a slave,) 'and instantly break it,' (denoting the discontinuance of servile duties.) 'Sprinkling his head with water, containing rice and flowers, and thrice calling him free,' (thus confirming his emancipation,) 'let the master dismiss him with his face towards the east. Thenceforth, let him be called 'one cherished by his master's

favor ; ' his food may be eaten and his favors accepted ;
and he is respected by worthy men."

Slavery in India. By WILLIAM ADAM.

MOUNT up ! exclaims the Spirit, in its circle
round the earth !

Mount up ! thou spotless Lily, from the vale
that gave thee birth !

And from [thy crown of piercing thorns, O
matchless Rose, ascend !

And let your beauty and perfume symbolically
blend.

Mount up, thou pearl of wondrous price ! shine
forth thou Diamond bright !

The kingly crown your place should be,—
teach while you charm the sight.

Teach man to bring his treasures forth, with
Virtue's kindly glow,

Of worth beyond the sea's famed pearl, or gems
the mines bestow.

Mount up, the passing Spirit says, to the lark in
lowly nest.

Thou hast a morning song to sing; soar upward
from thy rest;—

Tell man, from out some fleecy cloud, like thee
to soar on high,

And bid his heaven-born spirit raise its thoughts
above the sky.

Mount up, the Spirit paused to say, for the Spir-
it mourned to see

A son of Adam bowed to earth, his fellow's
thrall to be.

On India's sultry plains he toiled; a load his
shoulder bore,—

A jar of water for his lord, and its weight op-
pressed him sore.

The Spirit roused his turbaned lord, and moved
his haughty heart;

Mount up! it said; thy brother free! choose
thou the better part.

And straight the master from his neck that
heavy weight unbound;

In token that the slave was free, he dashed it to
the ground.

Then sprinkled thrice the captive's head with
water from a vase,

Where rare and beauteous flowers combined
the act divine to grace,

Another mystic rite remained before his bond-
age ceased;

The master raised the prostrate slave and turned
him to the east.

And then, with words of heavenly grace, he
thrice proclaimed him free,
No more a scorned and smitten slave, a *brother*
now to be.

Respected of the good, for him the banquet they
prepare,
Their love is yielded to his claim, his love they
gladly share.

Oh, may we like the Lily fair, a lowly lot
adorn,
Our virtues rise like Sharon's Rose above the
crown of thorn !
Though seas of grief around us roll, O, let the
pearl be there.
Let Faith and Truth about us shine above the
Diamond's glare.

And let our song of praise ascend—O, let it
rise above

The lark's sweet warbling from the cloud, a
strain of praise and love,

And may we by the Spirit's power the galling
chain unbind,

And free the wasting captive's frame, and free
the heaven-born mind.

Oh ! be their blessed mission ours, who freedom's
boon bestow,

Who lead the blind in lofty faith, where Siloa's
fountains flow,

Who wake the dead in sin, to hear strange
words of life and truth !

So mount, my soul, like eagles mount, and thus
renew thy youth !

JAMES C. ALVORD.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

OUR characters are many-colored webs,—and how many of their hues we owe to others. Impressions deepen into habits. There are those with whom a few months' intimacy bears fruit in qualities which mark us for life. And in those moments when we dare to fix our eyes, with trembling, on what we deem valuable in ourselves, how pleasantly come thronging back upon our memories the names of such, while every pulse quickens with gratitude for all that we owe them. To me one of those names is that of Alvord.

It was in 1833, while a student at Harvard Law School, that I first knew him. On the death of our regular instructor, he took the

place for a while,— and I well remember the warmth with which he was welcomed among us, and the influence which his strong mind, his acquirements and winning manners immediately gained him. He was peculiarly fitted to control by securing the confidence, the respect, and something warmer than either, the affection of those about him. For his heart was large and frank, and head and heart were entitled to them all.

The purity of his character was remarkable. He had kept all the freshness of early feeling. His heart wore still undimmed the mirror of childhood,— in its relish for simple pleasures,— its keen, delicate perception of right and wrong,— its ready indignation against everything low and base, however concealed under customs which the world approves. The practice of the law is said to blunt these sensibilities, and prison conscience in the statute book. If it be so with others, the profession had found Al-

vord's heart too warm to chill. He was generous in acknowledging the merit of others. The little are visible only by levelling those around them. "The great," as Story said of Judge Marshall, "are never in each other's light." I never knew one so ready to appreciate, or so frank to acknowledge the claims of those who were pressing forward with himself. He loved worth too much to ask where it was found. He delighted to praise.

His mind was remarkably independent in its workings, *ponderibus librata suis* : — with all that confidence in the soundness of its own conclusions, so necessary to decision of character. Joined with this was a high degree of fearlessness in the expression of his opinions, without regard to those about him, friends or foes, — even if among the former were men for whose characters he entertained the highest respect. His course in regard to the License Law, however we may differ from his views, was a strik-

ing illustration of this. He took his stand in the Senate against that measure — in opposition to almost every one of his political party, and against the urgent remonstrances of the friends of Temperance, with whom he always wished to be identified ; — at a time too, when opposition was looked upon as equally wicked and unpopular. But there his convictions carried him, and there consequently he was found, without a glance on either side, to see by whom he was accompanied, or backward to see whether he would be deserted or upheld. Yet he was ever gentle in his manner. The quick kindly sympathies of his nature, anticipating principle, made him always in his treatment of another, first place himself, in imagination, in that other's stead. Keenly sensible to unkind words himself, he was even more anxious to avoid them towards others.

His mind was acute in its perception and broad in its grasp. The whole weight of the

technical details of the most laborious of the professions, was no burden to one, who delighted in the discussions of great questions, and was equal to the investigation of the grandest truths.

He was a rare instance of an universal favorite with a positive character. Of few could it be said with more truth that their popularity was no temptation to them.

His services to the cause of Anti Slavery in the Legislature of Massachusetts cannot be too highly estimated. Entering that body, with more influence, perhaps, than was ever accorded to one of his age before,—with talents not only of the highest order, but with the rare fortune of having won by them his just place in the public confidence,—with a mind stored with all the learning of his profession and matured by a wide practice, as well as early cultivation, he was ever ready to throw his whole weight into the scale of humanity. The Right of Trial by Jury to persons claimed as slaves was gained

almost without opposition, not only because his arguments were unanswerable, but because it was he who urged them. For few lawyers cared to measure a lance with one whose choice of a position was proof it was impregnable,—and politicians, whatsoever their opinions, cared as little to oppose one, well known to monopolize the affection and trust of the western counties. Of his Report on that subject, it is not too much to say, that it exhausts the subject;—and whenever, in any state, that right is to be battled for again, the weapons and the shield are provided for the champion.

The rest of his reports are equally able and sound. I well remember the wide research and deep investigation, which preceded each, and then the rapidity with which they were written. That unanswerable and beautifully clear reply to Preston's Resolution, in the report on Texas, was impromptu, and merits, equally with Lord Mansfield's celebrated paper, the title '*reponse*

sans replique? He has left on record in the body of the Report on the District of Columbia, his wish to have gone further in the Resolutions, than the majority of the Committee were willing. The friends of the cause will remember the manliness and courtesy with which he presided at the sessions of that Committee, when Miss Grimke was heard in behalf of the petitioners,—an act of justice to woman, almost if not wholly unexampled in the history of states, and due, I doubt not, mainly to him.

In times to come, when constitutional questions are to be argued at the bar of the nation, we shall feel the want of that influence and aid which acknowledged high professional standing, and almost unexampled acquirements had gained for Alvord,—of that sound judgment and skilful logic, which none possessed in a greater degree than himself, and which were so freely given to the cause of the slaves.

I feel how feebly my words at least, if any

words, can portray the image which stands bright and beautiful before me. For it was not his intellect, with its wealth of acquisitions, that first attracted attention. It was the affectionate disposition, — the whole-souled heartiness of manhood, — the uncommon purity of his character, — the remarkable elevation of his principles of action ; and yet so untouched was he by intercourse with the world, that, child-like, these were feelings as much as principles, so quick, intuitive, and warm was their influence, — and last, it was the earnest sense of religion as motive and end. He was loved long before one had time to admire him. His heart had not withered, overshadowed in the growth of his intellect.

“ He has run his course and sleeps in blessings,”

but the most precious “ tears ” that are “ wept on him ” are shed not for the idol of his party, or the profoundest lawyer of his years ; — but for one whose heart and life were such, that to

him a warm political opponent on his death-bed could entrust his property and his children.

London, 1840.

S.

W.

V.

A.

The

THE LONELY HEARTED.

BY HARRIET WINSLOW.

SADLY above her stricken rose-tree bending,
Marking its withered leaves with plaintive
moan,
Which with the summer wind's low sigh is
blending,—
A little child is sorrowing alone.

Vainly her playmates on her name are calling ;
Their shouts and laughter pass unechoed by,
And all unheeded are the sunbeams falling
On her dejected brow and tearful eye.

The hum of insects soothes her ear no longer ;
The flowers spring unnoticed at her side ;

For memory, with a deeper spell, and stronger,
Recalls the hopes, that, one by one, have died.

She is a slave, — but not in outward seeming,
For she has fallen into gentle hands ;
They have supplied the body, little dreaming
How much more urgent are the soul's demands.

The insult of the lash is never offered,
Light are her fetters, lighter are her tasks,
And ample recompense is freely proffered, —
All, all but love, when love is all she asks.

No gentle eyes bend over her in sleeping ;
From all her kindred she was early torn,
And often-times her eyes are dim with weeping,
That she is left thus utterly alone.

The heart must have its idol — and she cher-
ished
Each living thing, that on her love relied,

Till bird and flower, one by one, have perished
The rose-tree was the last,— that too has died

She starts — for now a happy troop advances ;
Her master's children hurry gaily by ;
She marks their clinging hands, their loving
glances,
And gazes after them with wistful eye.

“ Oh ! that I too could know such thrilling pres-
sure, —
Could clasp a little sister's hand in mine !
How lavish on her all my hoarded treasure
Of love, the unloved only can divine.

“ Your winning beauty I would never covet,
Though well I know the power it doth pos-
sess ;
The soft eye, with the fair, pure brow above it,
That waving hair the loving winds caress.

“ Nor do I covet your abode of splendor ;
The beauty beaming from its pictured walls ;
Nor the rich robes, and jewellry, which render
New radiance to those fair and stately halls.

“ But O ! how oft with vain and restless longing,
I languish for the love you do not prize ;
Sweet visions in the lonely night come thronging,
That bend above me with fond, earnest eyes.

“ Visions that wear the features of my mother,
When last she pressed me to her breaking
heart,
Till rude hands sought her piteous shrieks to
smother,
And sternly forced her clinging arms apart.

“ Come, Death ! dark vision, but no longer fear-
ful —
Oh ! lay me once more on my mother’s
breast !

I shrink not from the cold, still house, though
tearful,
My yearning heart will there, at least, find
rest."

Portland, December 1, 1840.

THE LONDON CONVENTION.

You wish me to explain more fully the impression of regret which I felt on one point, while attending the meetings of the Anti-Slavery Convention. It appeared to me, that the Delegates were so engrossed with the plans and measures applicable to the present generation, as to neglect the most essential provision for the succeeding one. Can the bodies of the African, or the minds of the European race, be liberated in the course of this century from all the chains which avarice has thrown around them? What will acts and treaties avail, if they, who are now children, should be unfriendly, or even indifferent to the cause?

It has been stated by Dr. Lushington, that the anti-slavery laws were often virtually cancelled by the very administrators of them. How then

can we prevent such hostility or indifference in those who are to follow us? How can we enter into a covenant with the future? Education is that covenant. I am not indeed one of the believers in its magic power to "make children either virtuous or vicious." Could it effect this with certainty, it would absolve the educated from all responsibility, and would transfer it from parents to parents, through each generation, back to the first of all. Granting, however, that there are original endowments of mind, both moral and intellectual, which can neither be created nor destroyed by human agency, and also that the individual cannot be deprived of a self-forming power; education must still remain the great instrument for improving mankind. It may even become more influential when forbidden to waste its efforts in a visionary sphere, as Natural Philosophy has advanced more rapidly, since it relinquished the vanity of

speculation, and confined itself to the province of fact.

But, what, it may be asked, can Education do, in European countries, for the extinction of Slavery ? Its most effectual agency will, I believe, be an *indirect* one. Generous and benevolent feelings were never fostered under the shadow of a stern despotism ; for men, in general, are prone to do unto others as others have done unto them. The most advanced education of the present day is, I rejoice to see, of an anti-servile tendency, in consequence of its more benignant character — and above all, of its abolition of the lash ; but this improved system has been, as yet, applied in England only to a few hundred children ; nor can it any where be considered the popular one, unless in Switzerland, the country where it originated. The friends of universal freedom should exert themselves to diffuse those more Christian principles ; should labor to make the school-master as unlike

the slave-holder as possible. Hitherto, almost every practical attempt of that kind has been directed to the children of the peasantry, and it might be inferred from the exclusion of other classes, that *gentle* blood belied its name, and refused obedience to gentle discipline. The true reason, however, appears to be, that there is a better prospect of success in schools for the poorer classes, because the combination of manual labor with intellectual culture has, in a great measure, the effect of a safety-valve. It affords an outlet and channel for those propensities to physical and mental conflict,—for that redundant energy, which would otherwise explode in passion and insubordination. Until the Aristocracy shall adopt this view,—a view which has been proved sound whenever submitted, as by Dr. Fellenberg, to the test of experiment,—and shall devise means of interesting their young heirs in the application of force to useful and productive purposes, such as gardening, mechan-

ies, &c. ; we must continue to be reminded by what passes in most schools for gentlemen's sons, of the characteristics of arbitrary power ; and we must anticipate from those pupils, when grown up, a corresponding disposition to resort to harsh measures, owing to their inexperience and mistrust of the efficacy of moral influence. Without adverting to any of the party questions in Education, might not the delegates declare as their opinion, that the mildest and most generous discipline *practicable* would be most conducive to their object, by its appeals to sentiments of kindness and conscientiousness ? It is of great importance, in order to convince the world how much can be accomplished by moral influence, when joined with proper arrangements, that every institution in which it is mainly relied upon, should be made the subject of the fullest inquiry.

That the friends of the colored race should have omitted to employ direct and specific

teaching, combined with the general influence of Pestalozzian discipline, for the purpose of enlightening the public of the coming age, is a matter of surprise to me. If the understanding and feelings of youth can be impressed and guided, as is generally acknowledged, in regard to other questions, why not also on this? The partisans of opposite political opinions endeavor to secure the adoption, by the young, of their respective principles; and it would appear that, in the majority of instances, their efforts are repaid by success. The conservative presents, at an early period, to the mind of his son such historical passages as may excite veneration for old institutions, and attachment to the depositaries of legitimate power, whilst he perpetually dwells on the horrors of anarchy, and he calls especial attention to those of the French revolution. The Whig, on the contrary, expatiates on the abuses of irresponsible power, portrays the victims of tyranny or intolerance, and turns the

young affections towards those who have asserted the rights of the people, either on the field or the scaffold. It is not, however, on domestic pleading alone, that the politician relies; his choice of the place of instruction for his child is governed by the same persuasion, that he *can* be influenced in favor of one side or the other, through the effects of association and of partially directed studies.

On my suggesting a similar course with reference to the slave question, it has been objected to me, that narratives of cruelty and atrocity have a pernicious effect upon many excitable minds. To this, I reply, First. Why should we shrink from such representations in the present case only? If the objection be a valid one, let the Conservative erase the revolutionary pages of his annals, — the Whig those stained by records of persecution and martyrdom. Nay, we shall be led, in pursuance of this principle, to close the Jewish Chronicles,— to “ blot out for

ever" the sanguinary traces of the chosen people. We cannot consistently stop even there,—the darkness of oblivion must be spread over Calvary !

Secondly. There is no danger of creating a taste for the exercise of savage power, through sympathy with the slave-driver or his master, unless the representation be of a most unnatural kind, and neglect to awaken our sympathies with the victim ; or unless we defeat our own object by exaggeration and personal animosity, which always dispose the lover of justice to take part with the accused. A moment's reflection will show, that there can be no analogy between the effects produced by the wrongs of guiltless sufferers, and by the criminal exploits of those whose career subjects them to the penalty of the law. There is, however, one evil, which is apt to result from the frequent excitement of emotions of a tragic character ;—an evil, which is by no means to be disregarded, and against

which it may be necessary to warn philanthropists more particularly. It is an invariable physiological law, that over-excitement is followed by reaction ; and, if carried beyond certain bounds, by paralysis of the function involved. Dugald Stewart has shown, too, that passive emotions exhaust themselves, and thus leave the ascendancy to another,—often an opposite,—class of feelings. I would limit the appeals to sensibility by the consideration of these facts in our nature. The child should rarely be excited by details of suffering, unless the *passive* emotion could be made to prompt the *practical* kindness ; for then, as the same philosopher observes, the injurious effect upon the mind does not ensue. Occasions might easily be found, in which even the schoolboy's mite would contribute towards the spread of emancipation. Shall he be taught to sympathize with the bondage in Egypt, and not with the more cruel bondage of his own times ?

The practical steps to be taken for this object, in schools, appear to be very simple. Let there be no formal lectures, no positive injunctions, on any question concerning humanity. There are many circumstances connected with this one, which would afford opportunities of touching upon it incidentally, and with effect. In lessons of geography and natural history, the birth-place, as well as the grave of bartered man, is rendered fascinating to the imagination, by the grand scenery of tropical climes ; by the wild, the terrible, or the beautiful. If human beings are not excluded from the picture, a lasting association will be formed between their condition and the most impressive aspects of those foreign countries.

In a course of historical reading, likewise, a comparison might be introduced between the state of the freeman, the serf, and the slave ; and our blessings might be made to recall the fact, that they are withheld from millions of our

fellow-creatures. Biography might give her aid by producing traits of Negro character, (beginning with Toussaint's) to show that our colored brethren, notwithstanding their degradation, are not incapable of moral greatness. Better still would it be, to have at every large school one at least, of these "Children of the sun," to claim in person a nature identical with our own, by the exhibition of common feelings and impulses, — of a heart that can be moved or misled, like that which beats in the white man's breast. May I venture to recommend this last suggestion to the superintendents of American schools ? The cause of Freedom allies itself, as was remarked at the Convention, with every other good and holy cause ; and if the Friends of education and the friends of freedom will cordially unite, we may rejoice in the belief, that Anti-slavery principles will be transmitted to yet abler and better supporters.



SONNET.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

A LITTLE child ! and yet he spake as one
Having authority of God to pour
The living words of liberty before
The wise and prudent, till his life was done.

Oh, in that hour a nobler day begun !
And all who would the broken heart restore,
Or open wide the bondman's prison door,
Are brethren of that well-beloved Son.
His spirit is upon them when they preach
Liberty to the captive, and unbind
By the free utterance of the word they teach
The spirits of long manacled mankind.
They thank thee, Father ! that thou hast re-
vealed
Thy counsels unto babes, though aged eyes are
sealed.

A MORNING WALK.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

WE are apt to suppose that solitude is necessary for contemplation, that she cannot plume her wings except in the green shade ; that the murmuring of brooks, and the melody of birds are her only proper accompaniment, or else that in the privacy of our chambers or the retirement of our studies, we must court her heavenly presence; but it is not so. The most active and unprepared scenes of life, the busy crowded street, is often the place for the deepest and the highest contemplation. There almost every variety of human life is moving before you, all its intense interests, its unbounded desires, its strong passions, all its faults and its excellencies, its glory and its meanness are pre-

sented to you ; individuals at our bidding form themselves into classes, passing occurrences become histories, and the story of the passing moment is the true chronicle of the times. Almost every one's experience has brought him to these conclusions.

I one day while walking in the street fell into a contemplative mood, or as some would say into a reverie. The degradation of the extremely poor was the subject of my thoughts. They all of them, I said to myself, have souls ; immortal souls, capable of and destined for an infinite happiness ; their extreme poverty almost condemns them to vice and ignorance ; what can they do to raise themselves, and to revive within them the consciousness of their native dignity ? How can they for a moment free their spirits from the contamination around them ? All their energies are employed in seeking for a bare subsistence for the body ; they hardly know that they have souls. Except

from the greater acuteness of their sufferings, they have nothing to distinguish them from the brutes that perish. All the delights of knowledge are denied them, the world of imagination has never been revealed to them, all the beauty, all the charm of existence is unknown to them, from all intellectual pleasures they are excluded ; from the light of life they are “cut off, and only cloud instead, and ever during dark surrounds them.” But most of all they are deprived of the joy of doing good, the pleasures of benevolence ; the poor have nothing to give.

I had been led into this train of thought by the sight of an unusually large number of the abject poor in the streets. In our country this is a small class, but it does exist. The fine weather, for it was a mild winter day, had brought them out from their dark cellars and hiding places, partly to sun themselves after the extreme cold which had preceded, and partly to obtain some means of subsistence.

I observed two or three miserable looking beings, shivering with cold, who had not clothes to cover them, and who looked pinched with hunger, and as if the slightest assistance would be a mercy to them. All passed them by without noticing them, some were too busy to stop, some had no inclination to give, some thought there were charitable institutions enough, and that it was never right to give without knowing whether the object of charity was a deserving one, others thought nothing about it.

I went on in my train of thought till I entered a retired street. Just before me there was a colored man whose dress indicated great poverty, but still it was decent, his clothes were patched though with all the colors of the rainbow, he looked weak and old and as if he had been sick. He had his saw on his shoulder, and appeared to be going home from his work. "He has a home," I said, "and a good wife — those

patches speak her praises; poor fellow! I suppose he has earned his dinner."

At a little distance coming towards us I saw a colored woman, scarcely covered with her miserable ragged garments; she looked very sick, and trembled with the cold. The poor man met her first, as he was a few yards before me. He stopped her, and I saw him take out some money and give it to her. I saw her dark face light up with gratitude and joy. I saw her make an effort to speak, but her muscles seemed rigid. I had my purse in my hand, and when I came up to them I added something to the poor man's mite, and said, as I did so, "I am glad to follow such a good example." "Oh ma'am," said the poor fellow, "we must do something for these poor creatures." He seemed to think it was only a common duty he had performed, and one so unquestioned as to deserve no praise or thanks. He walked along by my side speaking of other things, and as if

he felt that our mutual interest in this poor sufferer, and our joint act of charity, had for a time levelled the distinction which society had raised between us. But *he* had given perhaps the half of his all, *I* an insignificant trifle from my comparative abundance ; I felt depressed in comparison with him.

This was the only alms-giving I had witnessed in the course of my walk, and it was from the number of those who I thought were debarred the luxury of giving. He was not only a poor man, but he was one of the despised people of color. My heart was cheered up at this proof I had witnessed, that they are not deprived of the pleasures of benevolence. Out of his small pittance, this poor man had been able to bestow enough to gladden the heart of one poorer than himself, the smile of gratitude and joy had come at his bidding. Let the rich man line his walls with inanimate representations of human sorrow, or of joy, of divine beauty, or of hu-

man excellence, this is well ; but let not the poor man envy him, if he can yet, though but for a moment, light up the dead eye of sickness and sorrow, for he is not destitute of the means of the highest happiness ; he has still his luxuries. Did the rich use this divine power to the extent of their ability, did they strengthen as many feeble hands as they might, did they bind up as many broken hearts, did they light up as many sad faces, as their means enabled them to, did they surround themselves with a living throng of grateful, happy, human faces, then we might be tempted to envy them, and to complain of the unequal distribution of wealth. But we too often see the abundant stream returning back upon itself, and forming a stagnant pool around its own source, instead of flowing onward, dispensing life and beauty on its joyful way.

I was very glad that the lesson I had received had been given me by a colored man. If they, in spite of all their wrongs, in spite of the

hardening influence of the contempt, in which their race is held, if they still have compassion towards others, it must be a strong original principle of their nature ; it strengthened my hope for the final elevation of this much injured race.

I lately heard an anecdote of a colored woman, that pleased me much. Some may smile at the simplicity of character it displayed, but more will be touched by the child-like trust in God and gratitude for his goodness, that it evinced.

She was a free woman ; she lived in a family, to which she was very much attached, and who treated her with the greatest kindness ; her life was a very happy one. It was noticed, that every day at a certain hour she left her work, and for a short time no one knew where she was gone or what she was doing. At last they watched her and discovered that at this hour she went and dressed herself in her best clothes, put on a nice clean apron, and went to a partic-

ular place in the garret, and there she folded her hands and made a low courtesy, and with the deepest feeling of reverence said, "I thank you, God."

Oh that the day might be at hand when all her brothers and sisters in our country may have cause for an equal gratitude; oh that their chains might be struck off, their rights restored, their wounds healed, the hitherto untouched springs of joy opened in their hearts, and that these, our fellow beings, might for a while leave their labors, and, dressed in their holiday clothes, bow the knee before the Father of mercies, and with hearts full of devotion and joy, unite with one voice in saying, "we thank you, God."

SONNET TO LIBERTY.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THEY tell me LIBERTY ! that, in thy name,
I may not plead for all the human race ;
That some are born to bondage and disgrace,
Some to a heritage of woe and shame,
And some to power supreme, and glorious fame :
With my whole soul, I spurn the doctrine base,
And as an equal brotherhood, embrace
All people, and for all fair freedom claim !
Know this, O man ! whate'er thy earthly fate —
GOD NEVER MADE A TYRANT, NOR A SLAVE :
Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
His glorious image ! — for to all HE gave
Eternal rights, which none may violate ;
And by a mighty hand the oppressed HE yet
shall save.

Boston, Dec. 14, 1840.

SONNET

ON COMPLETING MY THITY-FIFTH YEAR.

DECEMBER 10, 1840.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

If, to the age of threescore years and ten,
God of my life ! thou shalt my term prolong,
Still be it mine to reprobate all wrong,
And save from woe my suffering fellow-men.
Whether in Freedom's cause, my voice or pen
Be used by thee who art my boast and song,
To vindicate the weak against the strong,
Upon my labors rest thy benison !
O ! not for Afric's sons alone I plead,
Or her descendants ; but for all who sigh

In servile chains, whate'er their cast or creed :

They not in vain to Heaven send up their cry ;
For all mankind from bondage shall be freed,

And from the earth be chased all forms of
tyranny.

ALL IS IN ALL.

BY DAVID LEE CHILD.

THIS is an axiom of that method of education somewhat known in this country, and much pursued on the continent of Europe, under the name of JACOTOT. It is one of the mighty but noiseless agencies, arising in the Present to control the Future. It is eminently fitted to unfetter minds, and thereby unmanacle hands. It is a key to self-culture. It opens to the weak and lowly the strongest holds of human skill and learning. By no royal road is this access obtained, but by vigorous and sustained effort. It is the most thorough of methods. It is the deepest and most patient digging for pure water; and this gushes up with a spontaneousness and plenty proportioned to the labor.

The meaning of the axiom is, that anything once learned is the beginning of a thread, which being carefully felt and followed will guide to *all* knowledge. The idea is kindred to Cicero's common bond and sisterhood of the sciences; and is expressed in Carlyle's quaint figure, "Any road, this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the end of the world!" That the same law applies to moral, as well as scientific truth, is startling to timid minds of narrow vision. Hence things which naturally grow out of each other, like branches from the root, seem to them altogether foreign and extraneous. Hence their dismay, lest others should travel out of their sphere, if they leave their own firesides; or, at any rate, go beyond the limits of their own village, where, under ministerial guidance, they may form cent-a-week societies for missionaries, or help to erect military monuments, under the control of patriotic committees.

While I was in Paris, an exhibition of Jacotot pupils was held at the Hotel de Ville. The striking characteristic of these youths was the perfect possession and easy command of their knowledge. They solved scientific problems, wrote impromptu themes, and delivered opinions on moral principles and historical facts, with a readiness, self-possession, and propriety, which I had hitherto regarded as the privilege of the long robe, and the chairs of universities. Poor children of ten or twelve years, played on the piano extempore compositions, which Parisian professors pronounced correct and beautiful.

There was in the same city, on every Sunday, a gathering, which to me was not less charming than that of the Hotel de Ville. On these occasions, lectures on the system, and practical illustrations of it, were given by gentlemen in the unpretending capacity of class-leaders. Passages of books were paraphrased from memory by the learners, and opinions expressed on

any critical or ethical question, suggested by the subject or manner of these exercises. It was deeply interesting to see the French working-women, with their neat caps and fresh faces, stand up as calm as senators, and far more honest and free ; uttering themselves with a penetration of thought, propriety and force of language, and a purity of moral sentiment, which would grace the grandest halls, and shamed the low and selfish civilization wherewith they remained content.

These scenes are sunny spots in the memory of my travels. I contrast them with the confusion and dispersion of a School for Mutual Instruction, which I witnessed in Cadiz, when that city was re-captured for Ferdinand the Seventh, by the army of D'Angouleme, and the fetters of Spain were re-riveted. Those chains are now shivered again.

Thus in all things we see the dawning rays of a better age. In all things the Equalizing Prin-

ciple manifests itself. In Anti-slavery associations, the democracy of morals; in Free Schools, the democracy of Intellect; in Phrenology, the democracy of metaphysics; in Daguerrotype, the democracy of painting; in the invention of the Hand-Harmonicon, and the theory that every man may be a singer, the democracy of music; in Free Trade, the democracy of commerce; and in Jacotot's system, the genuine democracy of education. Verily, all is in all.

SONNETS.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

I.

THE chiming of the distant bell comes borne
On the faint wings of the flower-laden air ;
It breaks the stillness of the Sabbath morn,
And summons to the rites of praise and prayer ;
But I no more may in that worship share,
No longer bend at that familiar shrine ;
The altar that my heart hath deemed so fair
Is lit no longer by a light divine.
No prayer goes upward from yon temple high,
For the deliverance of the trampled slave !
His cruel wrongs, his bitter destiny,
In yon proud courts may no remembrance
crave.

From such a spot my heart in sorrow turns,
And for a purer, holier worship burns.

II.

WHAT though my footsteps may not press the
floor,

By human hands made consecrate to Thee,
And though I may not mid the crowd adore,
Yet Father ! wilt thou not vouchsafe to me
The beauty of thy holiness to see,—
And on the glory of thy face to gaze
With heart alike from pride and passion free,
As though the proudest dome that man could
raise.

Were witness to the sacrifice I bring ?
Were *mine own heart* for Thee a temple
meet,
The praises through the loftiest roofs that ring,
Would not be incense in thy sight more sweet,

Than its unuttered worship. Father, hear,
And in my inmost heart thine altar rear !

Sunday Morning, in the country,

June, 1840.

DINAH ROLLINS.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

ALL the world knows, that the blessings of the patriarchal system were not always monopolized by our Southern brethren. New England, also, once rejoiced in its benign influences. Although the Fathers of New England did not exactly make "Slavery the corner stone of their republican institutions," (for the science of political ethics was then in its infancy,) still they were not so fanatical as wholly to reject it from the fabric of their new state. The scarcity of laborers in those early days reconciled some of them to a system, which, when first proposed, they rejected with abhorrence, and the obvious convenience of having their work done, without having to pay for it, might well help to silence

any fantastic scruples as to the justice of the arrangement. Others, again, in whom the religious principle predominated over the economical, thought they discerned the finger of Providence indicating the spiritual things which were to be imparted to the involuntary immigrants in exchange for their carnal things ; and they hailed every fresh importation of African heathens, as so much raw material, to be worked up into American Christians, and thus, before the inception of the foreign or domestic missionary enterprises, united the benefits of the former plan with the conveniences of the latter. The privilege of extending the advantages of modern civilization and Christianity to these savage and pagan strangers, whose experience of both during the middle passage would favorably prepare them for their reception, reconciled these good men to any apparent hardship in the mode of bringing their neophytes within the sphere of their influences. The happy project

of re-shipping them, or their descendants, to their native country, after they had been fully saturated with the blessings of that of their adoption, had not then been developed, or the philanthropy of their benefactors would have received a new impulse from the beatific vision of these new apostles carrying back the civilization and religion, they had learned during their sojourn in this favored land, to that of their birth ; which, if truly reported to their savage countrymen, as preached and practised by the vast majority of ministers and people of almost every denomination, could not fail of awakening in their breasts an holy emulation, and of inducing an instant renunciation of their favorite barbarisms of fighting, killing, and enslaving one another. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, our good ancestors satisfied their consciences as well as they were able, in one way or another, and submitted to be served without wages, with the best grace they could. In justice to their

memories, however, it should be said that New-England slavery was the very mildest form of involuntary servitude. The nature of the agricultural and mechanical productions of that day, the difficult communication and comparatively infrequent intercourse between the different colonies, and the severe morality which marked the character of that peculiar people, prevented the overworking of the slaves, the separation of families and disruption of natural ties, and that toleration, if not compulsion, of the grossest vice and licentiousness, which form the most hideous features of the system, as it exists at the present day, in this country. Tradition relates that the old slaves often ruled with almost absolute sway over the farm-houses in which they had passed their lives, while by the wealthier families they were frequently indulged more like spoiled children than favorite domestics. Many circumstances might be related to show that the value of "this peculiar species of prop-

erty" was very different in those days and these; or else that our fathers were not the wise men in their generation, that they are reputed to have been. I will only mention the advertisements which are not unfrequently found in the curious little newspapers of the times, to this effect. "To BE GIVEN AWAY, a likely negro child of five years old; apply to the printer." Now among the many modern slave advertisements which I have consulted, whether in the columns of Southern newspapers themselves, or when transferred to the collections of the curious in such matters, as affording the most indisputable, unimpeachable evidence of the true character of the system, (unless, indeed, it be true, as was once suggested to me by an elderly gentleman of respectable appearance in a stagecoach, that they are inserted in the Southern papers by the abolitionists, for the purpose of making an impression at the North,) it never has been my fortune to light upon an adver-

tisement of this description. Now, as generosity is well known to be the inseparable companion of chivalry, it cannot be supposed that the absence of such advertisements is owing to any lack of a giving spirit. It must be accounted for either by modesty which shrinks from such a parade of liberal designs, or by a change in the value of the gift, which makes such a proclamation unnecessary in order to find one willing to accept it. The reader must settle this point for himself, while I proceed to my *historiette*.

It was in that world before wages, but towards the close of those happy days of primitive simplicity, that our heroine made her first appearance upon this disjointed scene of things. She was "born," about seventy years since, "in the house" of Judge Rollins, of Somersworth, New Hampshire; a circumstance, which we learn, from high authority, brought her as effectually within the protection of the scriptural sanc-

tions of slavery, as if she had been "bought with his money." * If her master happened to be troubled with any silly scruples about his relation to poor Dinah and his other slaves, it is a thousand pities that he lived too soon to enjoy the ghostly consolations just quoted, and others equally cogent and to the point; as for example, the positions recently maintained by a reverend divine, (Rev. R. Fuller, of Beaufort, South Carolina,) that "the domestic relations here existing" are authorized by God, not condemned by Jesus Christ, and "expressly authorized" by the Holy Ghost; and that, consequently, their condemnation by abolitionists is "a direct insult to the Unchangeable and Holy One of Heaven." †

* See the passage on this subject in the work on Moral Philosophy, by the Rev. Jasper Adams, D. D., President of the College in Charleston, S. C.

† See his Letter to the Rev. Elon Galusha, in the Recorder and Watchman.

In default of such comforters, however, Judge Rollins and his family appear to have quieted their conscientious scruples, if they had any, by treating their slaves in the kindest manner. As long as any of the family survived, Dinah remained an affectionate inmate of their household. At length, however, the Rollins family became extinct, as was the case with many others of the old New Hampshire families, which helped to transmute the most aristocratic of the colonies into the most democratic of the states ; and poor Dinah was left without anybody to take care of her. The reader will perhaps conclude from this, her unhappy predicament, that she either immediately took to begging, if not to stealing, or else transported her poverty to another state, or, at best, came upon the parish. No such consequences ensued, although we are credibly assured, that such must be the inevitable effects of emancipation. She migrated no farther than Portsmouth, where

she obtained an honest livelihood, by serving as hostler in a livery stable.

I apprehend that a less authentic historian than myself, priding himself on the dignity, rather than the truth of his narrative, might be tempted to soften this circumstance, if not to suppress it entirely. For in the course of a pretty extensive and careful circle of studies, including most of the Annuals and Souvenirs of the last dozen years, and other kindred branches of literature, I do not remember to have read of a single heroine, whatever might have been the extremity or the variety of her distress, who was reduced to rub down horses and sweep out stables for her support. I am apprehensive, too, lest my Dinah should seem to some masters in our Israel to have been "impatient of her proper sphere," and to have "stepped forth to assume the duties of the man" in her choice of a field of labor; and that she may even come within the range of the fulminations of the Pastoral

Letter of the Massachusetts General Association of Congregational Ministers, and be exposed to be likened unto "a vine, whose strength and beauty is to lean upon the trellis-work, and half conceal its clusters," but which "thinks to assume the independence and over-shadowing nature of the elm." I am concerned, also, lest a distinguished gentleman, who stands in the first rank, if not in the first place, of our Republic of Letters, and who has lately discoursed eloquently to an elegant audience, on the sphere of woman, or some of his admirers, (should this little story fall under the observation of any of them,) may condemn her as deficient in that perfect propriety and feminine delicacy, which form the chief ornaments of the sex. My business, however, is to relate facts and not to extenuate them, and I must leave poor Dinah to the mercy of all censors, whether clerical or laïc, who may choose to sit in judgment upon her. I must, in justice, however, state that

great as may have been her deviation, in this particular, from the gentle elegancies and graceful proprieties of perfect womanhood, it was not owing to anything unfeminine in her education. I am not sure that she is even possessed of those elements of reading and writing, which, according to Dogberry, "come by nature;" and I think that I can assure the fastidious reader, that she is perfectly innocent of the knowledge of the classics, of metaphysics, of the higher mathematics, and in general, of all the eminently masculine branches of learning.

Whatever may be the opinion of the learned, or of posterity, as to the abstract fitness of Dinah's position in the livery-stable, there she was, when the circumstance occurred which I have thought worthy of recital. While she was thus engaged in the charge of steeds, an occupation for which, I forgot in the proper place to say, she had the example of the Homeric princesses and of the dames of chivalry, she was one day

accosted by a white woman, who had once lived at service with her, and who told a piteous tale. She had spent a long life in menial service, and after having drudged for many years, and endured the caprices and exactions of many masters, she was now in her old age, and when disabled from labor by infirmity, thrown destitute upon the world. No resource seemed left her but the Alms-house — for which she entertained the dread so common to honest poverty, and which seems to argue some vice in the system, which cannot be entirely subdued, even when it is administered in the most humane and enlightened manner. It was a common tale, and of every-day distress, such as would excite but little attention at the corners of the streets, but it went straight to the good heart of Dinah. Here was an old friend in want, and what could she do for her? When the heart is opened to receive a friend in distress, the door does not long remain closed. If the

heart is large enough, the house is seldom found too small. Accordingly Dinah soon remembered that her habitation — though small enough for one, was still large enough for two. And as for the increased expenses of her establishment, — why, she must work the harder to meet them, that was all. Her plan was soon arranged in her mind, and as speedily reduced to practice. She took her old companion to her humble home, and has ever since (it is now several years) shared it, and all that it contains, with her. So little did she think that she had done anything out of the common way, that it was a long time before her remarkable action became known. Since then she has been an object of interest and of good offices to many benevolent individuals. What has seemed most extraordinary to those who have observed her proceedings, has been the natural delicacy and good breeding, which has taught her so to dispense her bounty to her helpless charge, as to

take from it the appearance of an obligation. This, no doubt, arises from the circumstance, that she does not think of herself as conferring one; and having the things, benevolence and forgetfulness of self, it is but natural that she should possess the politeness which is but their visible sign. If she had ever read Cicero, (which, as I have already observed, I do not think probable,) she might cite in support of her philosophy, the wise saying of Socrates, which he quotes, "Whatever you would seem, be." I will mention one instance of her delicacy in her treatment of her guest, which will perhaps be more highly appreciated by some of my readers, than by others. "Knowing, as she said, "that white folks don't like to have colored folks live with them," and having but one room for their joint accommodation, she divided it into two parts by means of a line hung with old clothes, that she might give her guest a separate apartment, in deference to her supposed preju-

dices. Her conduct, in every respect, towards her unfortunate friend, I am assured, by those who are well acquainted with the facts, might serve as a model of disinterested kindness to persons of much higher pretensions and greater advantages.

I was told this story, during a visit which I lately made to the beautiful town of Portsmouth, and I conceived a strong desire to see the scene and the heroine of it. It was the annual Thanksgiving of New Hampshire, and I was invited, though a stranger, to join an affectionate and accomplished family circle on that domestic festival. The rain poured in torrents, but we heeded it not, for "our sunshine was within." Notwithstanding these inducements, both within doors and without, to stay where I was, I stole away, after dinner, from the hospitable table, and proceeded with an old college acquaintance, one of the clergymen of the town, to the abode of Dinah Rollins. She was not at

home when we first arrived at her door, but soon made her appearance from a neighboring alley. And now, shall I describe her? A more prudent historian would leave his readers to imagine how she looked, but I feel it due to them and to Dinah to portray her appearance. She certainly was a very different person from the heroines of the generality of the "hot-pressed darlings," which are annually furnished forth by "the trade" to friendship and love, as gifts for Christmas and New Year. She would find herself brought acquainted with strange company in the Book of Beauty or the Flowers of Loveliness. Her face was of the intensest black, and her features of the strongest African cast; but still there was an expression of goodness and benevolence pervading her countenance, which, if it did not amount to positive beauty, at least made amends for the want of it. She was between four and five feet high, very broadly and strongly built. She wore a man's

hat upon her head, a cloth cape, like that of a man's great-coat, coming down to her waist, over her shoulders.

She received us kindly, and invited us into her house, or rather room, which presented a different aspect, to be sure, from the scene of elegant hospitality I had just left. The room contained a few rude articles of furniture and a stove. The plastering had parted from the laths of the ceiling, so that the sawdust of the mechanic's shop over-head would shower down at times upon the floor. Within the enclosure of counterpanes and old clothes we found "the old lady," as Dinah always calls her, who has been bedridden for a long time, being eighty-four years old, and so deaf as to be absolutely impervious to sound. She seemed, however, sensible of the kindness of our intention in coming to see her. The devotion of Dinah to her, and her absolute unconsciousness that she was doing anything remarkable, was perfectly beautiful.

She did not seem to know but that such a scene was acting in every house in Portsmouth.

In a sort of shed, behind her room, she showed us a hog of huge proportions, which she was raising for winter supply, and also her harvest of Indian corn, which she had garnered there. For the infirmities of her old friend requiring more time than her office of mistress of the horse could spare, she had resigned it, and turned her attention to other more manageable modes of getting a subsistence, among which was farming on a small scale. She cultivated to good purpose, as I should judge from her crop, a small piece of land belonging to the town; and to the honor of the town be it told, that it refuses to take any rent of her; thus affording an exception to the general rule, that corporations have no souls. She showed us these stores with an honest pride, and evinced none of the shame, or indeed of the consciousness of poverty.

I do not know but some scrupulous persons may be disposed to find fault with Dinah's *protégé*, for being willing to be a burden upon her scanty revenue. Possibly some admirer of the Caucasian race may think it especially unworthy of a daughter of that superior family to receive her support from one of African descent. I would entreat such an one to desist from his speculations at once, lest he should find himself tampering with "delicate subjects," or, peradventure, meddling with what is none of his business. I would, however, in justice to my old friend at Portsmouth say, that she is kept in countenance by multitudes of reverend divines, learned judges, and honorable women in the Southern States ; who are provided with board and lodging and supplied with pocket-money by negroes. Nay more ; that not a few of the most eloquent advocates of the rights of man, and the boldest opposers of monopolies, in both branches of the national legislature, and some, at least, of

those who from the chair of state have uttered forth the oracles of democracy, are, or have been, dependent for their daily bread and necessary clothing upon the earnings of colored men and women. So I conceive that Dinah's friend is borne out by the example of these illustrious paupers, and is not to be called in question by any one, as to her means of subsistence. Moreover, it should be remembered, that her support is given her cheerfully and voluntarily, which, it is said, is not always the case in the other instances I have cited. So that it appears the difference is in her favor in the particular in which the cases are not parallel. I did not hear, indeed, of any attempt on her part to flog, brand, or even sell her benefactress, upon any temptation of pique or profit. But we must make allowances for the disadvantages of her former condition, and for the defects of her early education.

What I saw and heard at this visit seemed to

imply, that slaves may be able to take care of themselves, and to dispense with the providence of a master, without danger of starvation or beggary. I also gathered from it, that they were competent, not only to take care of themselves, but of white people too, even though they might not stand to them in the relation of proprietor. Moreover I perceived, that goodness of heart and refinement of feeling are not limited by color or conferred by education. I discovered, too, that the truest riches may be possessed by the poorest person, and that there are nobler acts of munificence than those chronicled in religious newspapers. Grateful for these lessons, I took a kind farewell of her who had imparted them, and heartily bade God bless her; and if ever I am tempted to take a gloomy view of life, or to despair of the improvement of the race, I shall refresh my spirit by reverting to my interview with DINAH ROLLINS.

CHARLES FOLLEN.

"HE had the gentleness of a child, and the energy of an angel." His name is never uttered but with tears and benedictions, by those who knew him as no other Americans did—the American Abolitionists. Of the mingled cup which they have drunk together, the deepest joy and the most bitter sorrow, has been the life and the death of CHARLES FOLLEN.

His "Farewell to Life," is probably the last verse he ever wrote. He intended it for the Liberty Bell last year ; and though we now place it on our page with something of the feeling with which one listens to a noble strain he is to hear no more, our immortal natures testify against our sorrow ; and tell us that feelings, thoughts and words, like these true and fitly

chosen ones, can never die ; but must needs
live thus noble and beautiful, forever.

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

[From the German of Körner ; written by him when
dangerously wounded and helpless, he lay in a forest
expecting to die.]

BY CHARLES FOLLEN.

THIS smarting wound — these lips so pale and
chill —

My heart, with faint and fainter beatings, says,
I stand upon the borders of my days.

Amen ! my God, I own thy holy will.

The golden dreams that once my soul did fill,

The songs of mirth, become sepulchral lays.

Faith ! Faith ! That truth which all my spirit
sways,

Yonder, as here must live within me still.

And what I held as sacred here below,
What I embraced with quick and youthful
glow,
Whether I called it Liberty or Love —
A seraph now I see it stand above ;
And as my senses slowly pass away,
A breath transports me to the realms of day.

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